Then nightly ſinges the ſtaring Owle.
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloude the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parſons ſaw:
And Birdes ſit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians noſe lookes red and raw:
When roaſted Crabbs hiſſe in the bowle,
Then nightly ſinges the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

The vvordes of Mercurie, are harsh after the ſonges of Apollo.

FINIS.

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